648 129 When I stretched out in my hammock, Kamairahó, who was already lying in his hammock with his wife, smiled at me as usual and greeted me courteously with the customary "papaneká (you have come)." I asserted, no less decorously, "Hm, hm, ẽ, ẽ." He went on, still smiling, "Kananchahó around. Kananchahó coming. I'm afraid." Although he did not seem particularly scared in spite of this statement, I calmed him with a few words as I had done with the others, and he immediately laughed, changed the subject, and jested with his wife.

418 609 Later, it became evident that the presence of Kayapó in the neighboring forest had been invented by Anavaní, a somewhat foolish youth of about 17. On the following morning he confessed that he had lied. He probably wanted to make himself important. The general readiness to believe him shows the state of mind of the Tapirapé toward their feared neighbors. Incidentally, on the day when Kamairahó showed me the smoke pillars of the "Ampaneá" to the southwest, he showed me a similar display by the Kayapó to the north.

The non-material defenses show that the Kananchahó are regarded as the Number One enemy. Although the Karajá are also feared, only the northern neighbors, by what I was able to observe, are the object of parodies, violently abusive songs, and mocking pantomimes. On June 24, the Tapirapé, in a weeping tone, sang [533] [831] a seemingly obscene chant about the Kananchahó, which aroused endless laughter. It was sung in the men's house, where other [522] [536] youths gave a ludicrous impersonation of those enemies, emitting their would-be tribal cry, running and jumping crazily hither and yon, gesticulating with angry excitement, and hitting the house stakes with their clubs. At the same time, in front of the house, [535] other men accompanied by the women and children danced and sang the kaõ, the danced song that derives its warlike character not only from the weapons in the hands of the warriors and from their serious look, but also from the powerful rhythm of stamping feet and the menacing quality of the guttural sounds.

536 726 [102:125] While all this pertains to night performances, another spectacle took place two days later in daylight. It was a dramatization of the supposed Kayapó attack on the 20 Tapirapé who had failed to return from the hunt during the previous year. Six youths, holding on to each other in friendly fashion two by two,

Tapirapé village which he would have hesitated to relate on home grounds. He told me of adulterous affairs in process and of the growing determination among one group of kinsmen to assassinate Urukumu, the powerful medicine man, because they suspected him of performing death-dealing sorcery.

After two weeks in Furo de Pedra, I found that it would be necessary for Valentim Gomes and me to go to Rio de Janeiro. It was not possible for Champukwi to accompany us and so I arranged for two Brazilian frontiersmen to return him to a point on the Tapirapé River from which he could easily hike to his village in a day. Valentim and I then began our slow trip up the Araguaia River to the motor road and thence to Rio de Janeiro. Two months later, rid of malaria and with a new stock of supplies, we returned to spend the long rainy months from November until the end of May in the Village of the Tapirs. Champukwi was there to welcome us, and he came each day to help repair and enlarge our house. We easily fell into our former friendly relationship, now strengthened by the experience in common of the trip to Furo de Pedra and by the feeling which many anthropologists have shared with the people of their communities—that anyone who returns is an "old friend."

My return to the village that November marked, in a sense, the end of what might be called the first phase of my relationship with Champukwi as friend and as anthropological informant. During the course of at least 200 hours of conversation (many of which may be methodologically dignified as interviews), I had learned much about Champukwi as a person as well as about Tapirapé culture. I knew that as a small boy he had come from Fish Village, where his parents had died, to live in the Village of the Tapirs. He had lived with his father's younger brother, Kamaira, who was the leader of a large household. He even confided to me his boyhood name; Tapirapé change their names several times during their lifetimes and mention of a person's first childhood name, generally that of a fish, an animal, or simply descriptive of some personal characteristic, causes laughter among the audience and considerable embarrassment to the individual. I knew that Champukwi had been married before he took his current wife, and that his first wife had died in childbirth. He revealed that her kinsmen had gossiped that her death was caused by his lack of respect for the food taboos imposed

upon an expectant father. This same set of taboos now bothered him again. A series of foods, mainly meats and particularly venison, is prohibited to fathers of infants and to husbands of pregnant women. On two excursions to the savanna (which abounds with deer) Champukwi had eaten venison. Moreover, since the Tapirapé identified cattle with deer, and thus beef with venison, he had broken the taboo several additional times by partaking also of this forbidden meat. The rather scrawny conditon of his 2-year-old daughter, he feared, resulted from his faults. Just after our return to the village in early November, his wife gave birth to a second daughter. She had a difficult delivery, and he remembered his transgressions. Several village gossips, without knowing anything about his misdeeds, had nevertheless accused him of this breach of taboo.

Champukwi's home life was not a happy one. He was frequently in conflict with his second wife, who had, indeed, considerable basis for complaint. She could not claim that he was a poor provider, for Champukwi was a good hunter and a diligent gardener. But he confided to me that he did not find her attractive, or at least not as attractive as other women in the village. Champukwi had a lusty sense of humor and enjoyed joking with Valentim and me. In this mood he told of his many extramarital affairs, which were in truth but slightly concealed. I would in any event have heard of these liaisons; he gave his paramours beads which everyone in the village knew I had given him as presents. This practice caused trouble for the women because their husbands could readily identify the source of the gifts. It also created trouble for Champukwi at home. His wife complained of his affairs and on one occasion, according to Champukwi, she attacked him, grabbing him by his pigtail and squeezing his exposed testicles until he fell helpless into a hammock. On other occasions, she retaliated in a manner more usual for a Tapirapé woman—she simply refused to carry drinking water from the creek, to cook food for him, and to allow him to sleep in the hammock which she and Champukwi shared. For a Tapirapé man to carry drinking water, to cook, or to sleep on a mat is considered ridiculously funny. In other circumstances, Champukwi would have had to seek recourse with a female relative. However, to do so would be tantamount to a public announcement of his marital difficulties; the whole village would have known, to their considerable merriment and jest. But having *tori* friends in the village, Champukwi

tori [i.e. non-Indian -- Analyst]